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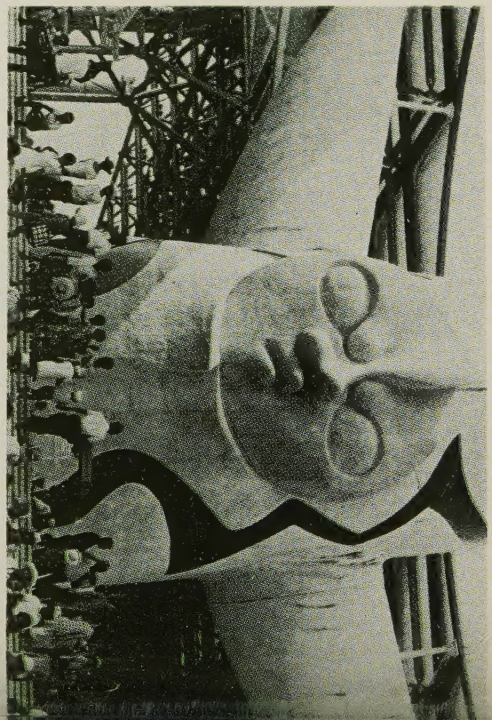
"HELLO TODA



ISS MADONO"

went to Expo 70 in Japan last mer. I went to see the fair and people—but most of all I went nterview a young woman whose e I didn't even know.
had a little information to go I knew she worked at Expo, there were 3900 girls employed e—in the pavilions, on the gates in the shops.
ne girl I was looking for had chosen as the official guide to o for a U.S. network TV pro- n about the fair. In fact, she America's introduction to Expo At that time she had spoken er plans to go to Wheaton Col- in Illinois, and of how she had

Expo 70—a kaleidoscopic carnival that dazzled visitors from all over the world. And there in the middle of it all was something very real—a girl building bridges of international friendship

Text and Photos by Steve Wall

"This place is supposed to be one big flower garden. But
from the air can one see its true meani

sing into buildings is in the grand tradition of the Japanese.
for the outsider, this crowding and waiting in lines is unbelievable.

ome a Christian in a country
re there are very few Chris-
s.

wanted to know more about
girl. But how would I find her
the midst of this huge, over-
wn carnival?

or Expo is almost overwhelm-
In spite of the grandly-de-
ed architecture, the true sym-
of the fair seem to be money
s. At the many pavilions, coun-
s display part of their culture.
they seem even more interested
preading their success stories—
howing off how intelligent their
ple are and what they have
e on a world scale.

Truly great masses of people are visiting Expo 70. It would be easy to get lost in this never-never land, with its beautiful fountains, delightful gardens and tempting cafés. But it was time to begin my search. I approached a young woman working at one of the gates.

"I am looking for a young Japanese girl who is a Christian and will be going to college in America in September," I said hopefully.

"Just one minute, I will get Miss Madono for you."

I had hardly recovered from my surprise when Miss Madono appeared. And as we talked, it didn't take me long to understand why she

Here at Expo there is a coming together of world force and more important, a coming together of youthful min

had been so easy to find. For Teruko Madono is a girl who would stand out in any crowd. She is something special.

Whether she is speaking of her friends, her faith or her family, Teruko is open, frank and honest. She does not seek to produce a fanfare, to overwhelm with words. She speaks from the heart.

Some would say of Teruko, "You've come a long way, baby." Because she has. I listened as she told the strange, sad story of her family:

"My father came back from the war and could not find his wife and children. He really believed that they had been killed, so married again—my mother. Sho after the marriage his first wife nally located him and he just not know what to do.

"When this tragedy hit, mother tried to drown herself, e though she was with child— She made the best of the situa but kept it all from us, think that it would hurt us in early ch hood. When my sister and I v young our father sometimes l with us, but we could not un stand why he would leave for or two years. I never questio since my mother said it was work.

hen one night my sister just nded an answer. It really hurt nother to tell us, but she did. as very emotional for her, be- she had to re-live the past telling us. We were the sym- f that black past. She said that ather would live with his first y one year and with us one while supporting both families. art of his support for us he us a four-story building in a so that we could rent apart- s and have a steady income. Ve never have seen our father's wife and four children, al- gh they live only 30 minutes by from us. He comes to see us time to time, and our mother loves him with all of her heart. She longs for him to be with her, and there has never been and will never be another man in her life."

As we walked along Expo's avenues of towering buildings, many people stopped to greet Teruko. "Hello today, Miss Madono," they called out. Everyone at the fair seemed to know her.

One of the Expo officials chatted with us for a while. He must have noticed my bewilderment as I craned my neck to take in the fantasy world of the fair—with its majestic structures towering high above the head.

"This place is supposed to be one big flower garden," he explained. I must have looked confused, for Teruko smiled broadly.

me, Teruko does a fan dance with her mother as her sister looks on.

"Building friendships is like playing with block

"Each building is the pod of a flower, with the surrounding landscape forming the leaves," he went on. "Also, the sun god is the center and all roads, trains and 'flowers' are to go out from it. Everything is a branch of the god. But it is only from the air that one can see its true meaning."

This "branching out" of Expo's layout may not be obvious at first. But there is a branching out of international friendship at the fair that no visitor can fail to notice. Here at Expo there is a coming together of world forces—and more important, a coming together of youthful minds.

Teruko has great faith in young people, and emphasizes the importance of international friendship.

"Building friendships is like pl ing with blocks," she said. "H at Expo it is big blocks, inter tional. Maybe some day it will worth it from an international sta point. Already it is worth it for individual.

"The young people working at pavilions come from every coun and they are top kids," she sa "Some day they will be runn things, not just working and visit the world.

"These kids are trying to w within society," Teruko continu "They work within their respect cultures, yet also within a wo framework. No one can succeed our world without having a wo concept."

But Expo is not all serious wo

e fair, Teruko chats with one of nounted policemen.

"The young people working at the pavilions come from every country and they are top kids. Some day they will be running things."

e is a lot of fun, too. As ko and I talked, we watched apanese girls flirting about, ask- American males to pose in pic- with them. "The American s are so long," (meaning tall) girl said. "They are simply tiful."

asked Teruko about hippies in n. She laughed. "Here we can- ell a boy from a girl except by voice," she said. "The hippies succeeded in starting a trend ıg hair. I say short hair looks ı. Some of our TV talents are now wearing long hair, and I think that gives a bad impression."

Teruko has had five years of college in Japan. I asked her how she felt about demonstrations.

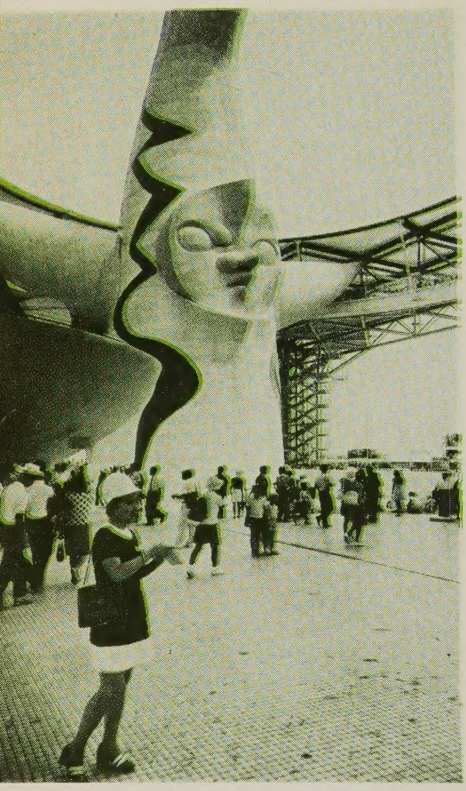
"I think they are very good because they allow the group to express its opinions," she answered. "But when these demonstrations disregard public rule the students lose and the public loses.

"Many times our college had demonstrations, but we forgot why we were demonstrating. One of our demonstrations lasted for six months and all of the roads were blocked into the school."

Every young person looks at the future seriously and Teruko is no exception. "If things work out after college at Wheaton it would be O.K. to become a U.S. citizen," she said. "But I would never force it."

Teruko believes that young people are now depending on their education as a great force for change. However she worries about what could happen if people grow intellectually, but not spiritually.

"If they do not grow spiritually they will get proud again," she said. "This pride is growing now. It is in the form of nationalism and it is rising fast. That is what happened in World War II.



Teruko takes a break from her wor
In the background is the sun god,
focal point of the fair.

"Nationalism is good up to a point," she continued. "But the Japanese got pushy. I hope that is not the reason for the U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia. I realize that the U.S. is in a terrible position, but I believe that all war and killing is bad. At the same time I am against communism. I just do not know what the answer is."

Teruko plans to study the Bible at Wheaton. "I would love to teach children to love and to help othe she explained. "I am not ou another degree, just knowledge."

"These decisions did not c overnight," she continued. "Se years ago I was listening to radio late at night. When the grams changed on the hour a m ister came on. He said that Ch loved everyone as an individual that Christ could relieve burd give comfort and guide our lives

"My heart was very troubled, I listened closely. After the m sage I wanted to know more, s started going to a small Bap church."

Shortly after she began to att church, Teruko became a Christ Only two months later she lear the truth about her father. " new faith helped me through trying time," Teruko said.

I could tell that this girl's Ch tianity was something she li every day. It was clear that th around Teruko could feel her vi tions of happiness, her peace heart.

Teruko's job as a hostess-in preter at the Press Center has gi her the opportunity to talk people of all nationalities. Now America, she is continuing to b bridges of fellowship.

Teruko Madono may not cha the world, but it is certain that will change her own world.

If people continue to grow intellectually without grow spiritually, they will become prou

low,
rom where we started,

w, from where we started, did we ever reach this Christmas?
swer, answer I pray thee
o can explain the imponderable to me?

one needs to be reminded, I suppose
not the same world we gathered in a year ago
en you were nearly 9,000 hours younger.
much has happened, so much has changed,
your dreams then, how many remain,
w many fulfilled and how many more broken
all that's been done and all that's been spoken?

think painfully on it is surely to ask,
ow, from where we started, did we ever reach this Christmas?"
d to wonder, to wonder soul-rubbed sore
at it is we should be ready for?

rely we are weary of too much doing
nfused, irritable and heavily burdened
d more, perhaps a little frightened

did

Though as much by the time-bomb times we live
As the season we rush about to make welcom
Like a harried hostess awaiting a very proper gu
Who, were he to come and find us unprepare
Unready, unbowed, untinselled, unwrapp
Would snort and stomp off quite offend

Yet, I wonder, were the stabled animals ready
Were the shepherds? Or Joseph? Or Mar
So, maybe there's the po
Is anyone ever ready for anythi
In times as out of joi
As ours, as quaking unsteady
Besides, what is it we would be ready fo
There's the question to ponder mor

This Christmas Eve it probably makes sen
To bar the door of life again
The unexpected, unplanned eve
Attempt to make things safe and secur
Just, I would say, like the innkeep
who alone knew for sure what he was ready fo
A house full of satisfied custome
Thinking that the cash and compliments paid hi
Would satisfy his hunger deep withi

Do you suppose, my lonely brothers and siste
That we make customers of self and of each oth
In a thousand ways, while fearfully barring the do
To the beggar love which really matte
Striking our bargai
For nothing gaine
Getting ready all in vai

But the question we now should ask is n
"How did we ever reach this Christmas
But rather, "How did this Christmas reach us
That's the miracle, the gift is given again and aga

a world and a people never ready
more than the shepherds or Joseph or Mary!
ey, too, were confused and troubled and scared
ich, you see, is a way of being prepared
ce it didn't close, but opened them to
nething new and different that God might do
rough the silent eye of the storm that blew.

in every storm, however wild,
silent center the size of a child,
ittle gift whose name is love
ere in the eye of the storm is God.
storm drives us seeking to find we are sought
d the wonder is that the wonder is wrought
a way quite different from what we thought.
e lesson we never seem to learn
hat our readiness isn't for what we yearn.

now the silence speaks its word
ading once more to be heard,
rring our ancient longing afresh,
something conceived to be made flesh.
ift within us to come to birth
find a home in this haunted earth.
ift to be received; first that, and then

ve ever

reac

For men to let it pass on through th
By opening themselves to others, u
The civil war of man is still

Love! God's gift, the mira
Is yet born again, and me
The miracle is multipli
In the many, many li
Of those who dare to nurture
Feeding it, beyond their dre
Of the storm, and so are t
By him some call Chr
And some call just brothe
Perhaps it matters not the nam
For in the end they're all the same
God present in the feeblo
A joy beyond pai

I received a card this Christma
On the front is a delicate, tender sketch
A woman with a child at her breas
Joyously, fearsomely feeding, each somehow on the other
Mother on child, child on mothe
The woman could be anyone, perhaps you or m
Not so strange. And so could the nursing child b
In the wild, windblown hair of the mothe
The clutching hand of the babe, holding, holding—
And the curious calm between them, eye of the storm
Love surely made flesh there

And inside, this poem called *The Feeding*
"We sit in the darkne
and the baby drinks from you
Alive! I cannot believe u
We are silen
Far off, great explosive
stand in hundreds of hole
sucked out of the planet

ions of men
might have befriended each other
wl the earth's surface
unters.

open your eyes
look at me
I see you are crying happily.
baby sleeps
have nourished
t you can, which is
small triumph
starved time."

ours starved times?
rish what you can, my brothers and sisters,
miracle is that Christmas comes,
child is born,
nourishing act confirmed.
we are nourished, somehow even us
read and wine at the breast of God,
rished with and by each other.
e, at any time or place,
o small triumph
starved time.
it comes
in and always.

ten by Theodore W. Loder, senior minister, First United Methodist rch, Germantown, Pa.

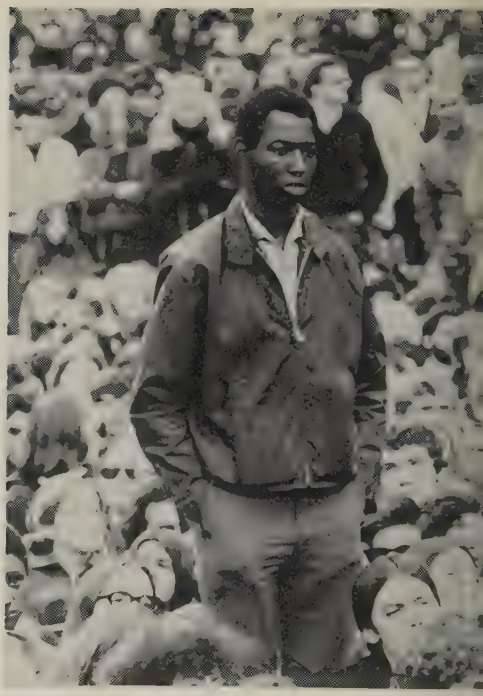
his Christmas?

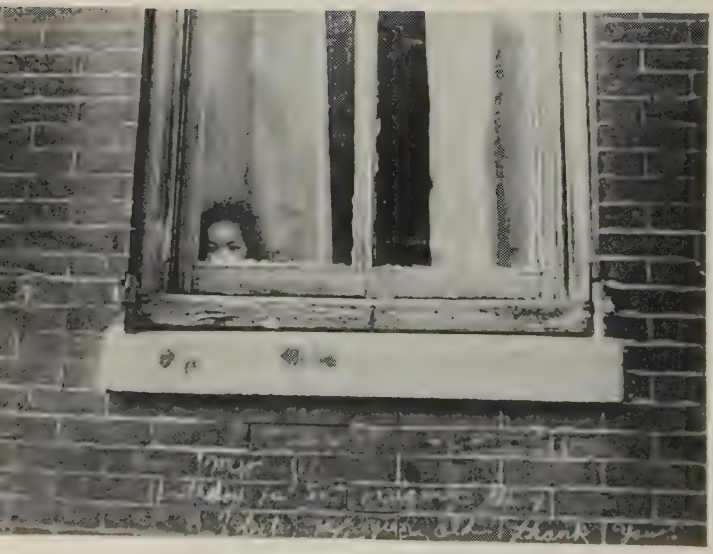
'TIS THE SEASON

E JOLLY . . .

Photos by Ed Eckstein

DRIVE IN
SHOES
QUALITY YOU CAN TASTE
PIGG YBANK PRICES
SNAPPY SERVICE
BAKERY
Coca-Cola





IBM
THINK

IEUTENANT BOB

by Kris Rosenberg

When he was a little boy he collected snakes and frogs and birds . . . dead things mounted on wood, but live things he could get to know. loved life. He could put out his hand and catch a butterfly; the ature would sit on his hand for a few moments, long enough for him xamine the color and the structure.

I remember watching him late one afternoon playing on the lake- e, all alone, dipping into the water, building in the gray sand, squint- up at a passing bird, humming a tune of his own. He seemed to be ning to something inside himself, something no one else could hear. d a beautiful, aching wonder almost suffocated me. I thought, if we 't lose children to death we lose them to life. Either way the child is e forever.

He was taught, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, pray for them . . ." and he took it seriously. He thought we meant or keeps.

Everything in him was creative and pro-life. He swam and sailed played tennis and rode horses. His face was intense with concentra- at chess. He was beautiful diving off a high rock into the lake or ng on one ski, his dark eyes alight with just the fun, the delight, of what own body would do.

He played every game with all of himself. He played ping-pong handed without letting his opponent know. The more challenge the ter—that was the game of life. He loved music and study and chil- n. He laughed and made other people laugh, too—his laugh was p and hearty and infectious.

When he heard that I had polio, he said, "My sister always prays me. Now I'll pray for her." Simple for a little boy.

As he grew older I turned to him in trouble as he so often had ed to me. Once I said, "It's a rough climb, this life." And he, with uick warm hug, answered, "But think how beautiful when you get to top."

Life didn't blunt his edges, dull his sparkling spirit or destroy his lism. Humanity could disappoint him, but he didn't want to tear ll down. In sixteen years of school he made only A's in math. He ked full time all through college; it was great to be independent. He ght a little car and hundreds of records. Right after graduation he drafted. The Army said he wouldn't be called for 60 days, so he

joined the Marines. How could he sit around and do nothing for
months?

Half of him said war could not be right. He rebelled at kill
But he had been taught that we stand up and do our part, and d
chicken out and let other people do the dirty jobs for us. His father h
made him a patriot, taught him about duty and honor, instilled him
pride and courage.

He went off to boot camp in just the clothes he wore, as he
ordered to do, taking nothing with him, not even his watch. "I guess that
so you'll all be equal," I suggested, "except for your brain."

"That makes me about ten jumps ahead of anyone else,"
said flashing that big smile. He hugged us all hard. And he left.

In his first letter he told about the routine. It was tough, but
had always enjoyed competition. He was meeting "a lot of good guys
And he was keeping everyone entertained. "I'm the funniest guy in th
barracks at 6 in the morning." But all day, every day, he was trained
be a robot, a killer, to act without thinking.

Officer's School, Quantico, Virgin
January

*"The Marine Corps is inhumane. We learn to sacrifice lower ranking me
in order to complete a mission most efficiently. No attempt is made
keep everyone alive, so certain individuals are picked as most likely."*

July

*"Fighting might not be so bad if you had a real cause. There isn't mu
of a tangible purpose in Vietnam. The officers they have sent here
training have no motivation to improve or learn at all. We are suppose
to send our men over there to fight, and many to die, when the office
'cream of the crop' won't even put in a day's work. About 50% of t
guys are just living for today, because they expect to be dead within
year. They are the realists. The rest think they are invincible and some
us probably are. Have you heard 'Classical Gas' by Mason William
Fantastic."*

August

*"I don't like problems I can't solve either with pencil and paper, or wi
immediate action. Too bad I don't control everything that affects m
Too many variables to cope with. It is like working on a solution f*

nk how beautiful it is when you get to the top.

e than one unknown with only one equation. You can determine what vill do if Y does something, but you don't really know what Y will do. u shouldn't be able to make the right move and still lose the game."

October 20

r Christmas you can send me a good-looking girl in a Care package. I really need is a wife and I need that like I need a hole in the head. onder which I'll get first."

October 21

n going to finish first in my platoon. If I get creamed in Nam every- can say 'Gee, he was number one in his platoon at TBS.' "

ore Christmas he was on his way to Vietnam. He left at home a trunk of required dress uniforms complete with shoes which he had to make ments on, although they were no good for Vietnam. He left another boxful at Okinawa. Orders again.

last days we wrung every drop from every moment; we absorbed with eyes and ears and hearts; we laughed and loved him and knew would never see him again. Even as we joyed in each other my heart led back; we are playing at this, it is final. Too gentle and too daring.

ster," he whispered when we said good-bye, "I'll be home before you w it." Letters came from Vietnam. There was no more music.

January, Somewhere near DaNang

had my second bath in 18 days today. There are some real cute kids e." He asked for candy and yo-yo's for the kids.

Wednesday? Maybe

othing is new. I've had a date with a swinging chick every night. I around my own pool and drink beer and eat steak, take a hot shower I go to a movie. Don't forget you owe me a lemon ice-box pie."

March 22

is morning I read two books of poetry by Rod McKuen—Listen to the rm and Stanyon Street and Other Sorrows. Both outstanding. He resses many of my feelings very well. It is unbelievably hot here and

getting hotter. We go tomorrow on a small operation. We are go
to surround all the houses of ill repute in DaNang and then go in a
find all the Marines. It's a hell of a war."

Love, from your good-looking, go
natured, good-humored hero.

There is a confused period here. After three months "in the bu
he is pulled into an office job and tells Mother he is safer than driv
on the freeways. He complains of boredom and says he knows we
happier with this set-up but he is not. On March 31, he tells me, "I
always been safe and I'm even safer now." But I know that he has
always been safe—one of his corporals has returned for a visit and t
my parents of operations where over half of the men were lost. Sudde
with no explanation, he is fighting again. Only later did we learn t
he had asked to go back to lead his platoon.

* * * *

The telegram, grotesquely misspelled, said that what was left
him would be "prepared, encased and shipped" at no cost. The bo
was not viewable. To see what they had done to him was too horri
for our innocent eyes, so we were to trust what the telegram said.

The nightmare of a lifetime was happening. Flying home in
night and Daddy coming out to meet me, holding me and sobbing, a
over his shoulder the stillness and the stars.

The big metal box came. Mother stood patting the flag t
draped it, talking to her baby of long ago, sobbing and talking and tou
ing the flag. We wanted to see him, to hold him. "It's better this wa
they kept saying. It is not better. This could not be better than anyth
for this is the worst hell. Nothing matters. Nothing is.

Friends come. If you come and we cry, do not feel that you h
added to our grief. You cannot add or subtract just now. You only fe
the little steps that form our days. When we cry we release the terri
hurt; we spill it out; we do not diminish it. I see people as if I am
people. I watch from far off. Don't say "How are you?" Don't la
unless we laugh. Don't shut us up or cheer us up. Don't waste money
flowers. Don't tell us God took him because we loved him too much. G
didn't take him.

We taught him unreservedly that there is life after death, go
life. I said to him, "To find your life, lose it." Oh, I did not mean exa
that but he believed in simple terms. Yet at every turn he took the

ophy of life, look into the eyes of men.

danger. His was the perilous blend of gentleness and daring which s not survive. Why did you do this to us? Who has the right to die?

Why didn't I say "Be careful"? But then that is not what you say hero going to battle. That is the thing you say to a little boy climb- trees. Why did I not scream and lie down on the floor and say, ease, please do not go"? Why did I not bash in his leg when he was lve, making him "unfit"? But I knew he had the right to think for self . . . to live, to die. Others influenced him. Yet who is free of ssures? Who can waltz while a march plays? When the goals were sing, he went on playing the game.

That daring and gentle boy was led to a hot noonday in April re wounded Marines were laid out as bait for a trap, encircled by tcong and tiny piece of metal tore away that beautiful smile forever. d there are 36,000 others. Just to read their names takes 24 hours. ; doesn't count the ones who have died from heat or accidents. This sn't count the missing or the maimed.

He had a rare combination—a zest for each moment with no goal the future. As though he knew there were no future, he never knew thing he wanted to be. He just wanted to get the biggest sailboat could find, and sail 'round the world forever.

A gentle boy who communed with nature and loved life was trained killing, protested to the end, but nevertheless stood up as a man l died on a volunteer mission. In a war in which he saw no meanings, yet found meaning in the comradeship with his fellows. To find a losophy of life, look into the eyes of men. There is a difference in ople who orient their lives by logic or patterns and those who orient ir lives by that elusive something else.

* * * *

Vietnam, July

en like Lieutenant Bob come along once in a million years. We both w that our survival depended upon two things—the ability of our men l politics. Bob made his men the best. He did his part. We all are. m proud to say that once in my life I had a brother."

H.L.K. (Lt. USMC)

I am, too.

. Rosenberg wrote this piece in memory of her brother, Robert Malcolm Christian. is now a student at the University of Nevada, and a free-lance writer.

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JUST THE RIGHT WORD

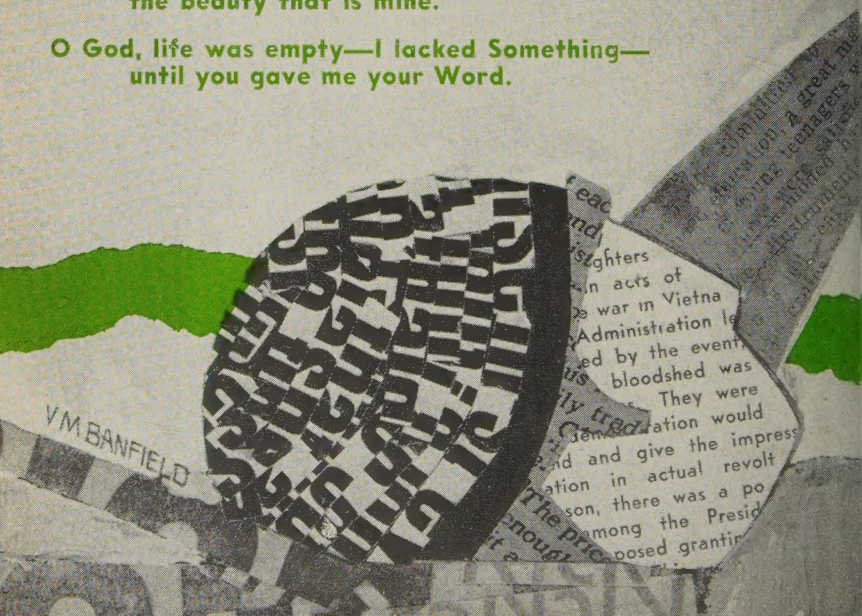
I was lonely,
until someone said he cared.

I felt unsure of myself,
until I was told, "You can do it,"
and I did.

A question overwhelmed me,
until a simple answer
from a friend freed me.

The future frightened me,
until my grandfather calmly
showed me a first step.

I thought I was odd,
until a teacher assured me
I was unique.

Feeling I was ugly haunted me,
until companions helped me to see
the beauty that is mine.

O God, life was empty—I lacked Something—
until you gave me your Word.